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7. *Il ritorno di primavera*, cantata for three voices, with chorus and orchestra, words by Morando; composed in the month of April, 1815.

8. *Cedé la mia costanza*, *morceau fux gué*, in A Minor, for four voices, without accompaniment, 1820.

These last two pieces, although they were preserved in the municipal archives of the Lycée of Bologna, were not composed at the time Donizetti was at the college, for the registers of the lists of pupils state that he left there early in the year 1818.

And if he left the Lycée at this epoch, it was by the advice of his professor, for, even as he could no longer learn from Simon Mayr when he left Bologna, so, "for elegant style, free and dramatic, there remained nothing to learn at the school of Padre Mattei."

These words are taken from a letter that M. G. Gasperi, librarian of the Lycée Philharmonique of Bologna, wrote to the lawyer Cicconetti, informing him of the compositions of Donizetti that were preserved in the archives of that Institution.

So the young musician left Bologna and returned to Bergamo. Here a circumstance, little known, took place, which illustrates his great great facility for memorizing music.

Simon Mayr's opera, *La Rose Blanche et la Rose Rouge*, had been represented at the theatre. The impresario, having fallen out with the composer, would not consent to give him back the original manuscript of the score. Mayr possessed no copy. He was incensed to the highest degree, but the impresario had the right, and exercised it in a manner by far too absolute. He might have retained the original, but at the same time permitted the author to make a copy at his expense. Donizetti was even more furious than his master. In vain he attempted to soften the brusque contractor. A few days after, he went to see Mayr, and holding out a large roll of music, said:—Master, I was so grieved to see that you could not obtain a copy of your opera, that I have endeavored to transcribe it from memory. Here it is.

Simon Mayr was stupefied. He ran over the manuscript; there was not a note to change.

In a transport of joy easily understood, he drew from his pocket his watch, and sliding it into Donizetti's hand:

—There, said he, keep it; I have worn it for ten years; we shall thus have a souvenir of one another.

Is not this a fine companion to the famous *Miserere* of the Sixtine Chapel, which Mozart recalled entire after a single hearing? Much has been said of that *tour de force*, of that miracle of the memory. It was a miracle, truly. But an opera is well worth a *Miserere*!

It is not asserted that artistic music is incompatible with a worshipful spirit; but that in itself, it has not the essence of religion. When high musical culture is joined with a truly devout and consecrated spirit, then, indeed, the result is glorious. Most fortunate is the church which enjoys such a combination in its religious services. But the idea that the finest music without the spirit of worship is either acceptable to God or beneficial to the congregation is a delusion and a snare.

WEIMER.—A new Opera, *Gustavus Vasa, der Held des Nordens*, by Herr Carl Götze, is to be produced here next season.

[From the Sunday Times.]

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

When we remember that a number of the effects experienced by the mind, through the medium of music, are attributable to the constitution of the mind itself, rather than to any appreciable peculiarities of the tones presented to our perceptive faculties, and that some of the phenomena affect the mind to a remarkable extent during the performance of the majority of ballads and other fugitive pieces, it is evident that we often experience an insuperable difficulty in analysing the strains most pleasing to our ear. The melody, however, of "Home, Sweet Home," is certainly one of the finest among the musical productions which do so much honor to our race and language. Without possessing a quaintness of utterance, such as is a peculiarity of the old British airs, it contains all the freshness characteristic of the most meritorious of those ancient compositions. With regard to modern compositions, "Home, Sweet Home" has shared the honors which have been showered upon them—a merit, indeed, which must be extreme to vie with such effusions as "The Last Rose of Summer," "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," "Annie Laurie," "Kinlock of Kinlock," and "Ye Banks and Braes." Who has heard the silvery tones of these gems without losing himself amidst dreams of gentleness or grief? And if the song we are more particularly considering possesses a troop of such ravishing idealities, how can we analyse its phrases with a better hope of success than would attend a similar examination of the songs we have mentioned? Were we asked to what is to be attributed the universal favor, and even love, with which the composition is received wherever our language is spoken, we could offer but one *apparent* reason—its delightful simplicity. It is to this very simplicity, however, that the difficulty of expressing the author's conception is to be attributed.

All who have heard "Ye Banks and Braes" must be aware of the fact that a tolerable voice is capable of rendering this song with a considerable amount of the sentiment which the author designed to express, and a similar construction in the succession of tones renders it possible to place many other airs in the same category as regards facility of expression; but when a difficulty of expressing ideas is experienced, (and in "Home, Sweet Home" the difficulty is pre-eminent) it seems to be due partly to the few notes employed to express the ideas, and partly to the simplicity of their order in succession. Here expression is not the utterance of the relation merely of one phrase with another, but of the pathos with which one links note to note.

All the parties who had any connection with the song—singers, managers, publishers—were benefited; everybody but the poor author, who seems never to have received a dollar, nor even a copy of the song. It was estimated, in 1832, that upwards of one hundred thousand copies had been sold by the original publishers, and that their profits within two years after the song was published amounted to two thousand guineas.

Payne, however, is not the only song-writer who saw another reap the reward to which he was entitled. His friend, George P. Morris, received twenty-five dollars for his song,

"Origin of Yankee Doodle." When the author afterwards wished to incorporate it in the collected editions of his poems, and applied to the publisher for permission, he refused it for any sum less than one thousand five hundred dollars. The beautiful song "Ever of Thee" was sold to a London publisher for one hundred dollars. Its author, urged by wants which song-writing could not supply, committed a crime, was sent to prison, and died of remorse before the trial. Braham, "the sweet singer of Israel," experienced a happier fate. He is supposed to have received a fortune for his copyright of the once popular song "Said a Smile to a Tear," in which he accompanied himself on the piano-forte in the opera called "False Alarms." He was paid one thousand guineas for the music in Dibdin's opera "The English Fleet."

Payne's musical taste was not so much an original endowment as the result of that attention which enables a person of quick sensibility to distinguish melodies, and even to be powerfully affected by them. In this he resembled some of his contemporaries, whose eminence in literature has rendered everything relating to them a matter of interest to the reader. Sir Walter Scott's father cultivated music, and performed on the violin-cello. He gave his son the opportunity of attending the instructions of an enthusiast in Scottish music, who does not seem to have been able to inspire his pupil with the same enthusiasm, if we may judge from an incident related by Lockhart. On one occasion, one of the neighbors, Lady Cumming, "sent to beg that the boys might not all be flogged precisely at the same hour, as, though she had no doubt the punishment was deserved, the noise of the concord was really dreadful." Unpromising a pupil, however, as Scott was, and never able to enjoy complicated music, yet he says himself, in his journal, that "simple melodies, especially if connected with words and ideas, had as much effect upon him as upon most people."

Managers and publishers are very often unthinkingly censured for what is called their niggard treatment of the productions of men of genius. Payne frequently indulged in these complaints, declaring, as Douglas Jerrold did at a later period, that managers and publishers got the loaf and the poor author the crust. Scott, whose judgment was equal to his genius, was of a different opinion; and in one of his letters, in which he refers to these complaints, he says, that upon the whole, the accounts between the parties are pretty equally balanced—what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers is lost in many cases in bringing forward works of little value. "I do not know," he adds, "but this, on the whole, is favorable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books in hope of making one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery in hope of gaining a prize." And a lottery the whole business would seem to be, when we call to mind the caprice of the public and the mistakes of managers and publishers. Both the plays of Goldsmith—"She Stoops to Conquer" and "The Good Natured Man"—were rejected by the managers—the former by Garrick and the latter by Colman. Garrick declined the tragedy of "Douglass," and, at the same time pronounced it "unfit for the stage." Sheridan took a dislike to the neatly-written manuscript of "The Honey Moon," saying "genius is never neat." The play

was thrust into a neglected corner and never acted during the life of the author. "The Soldier's Daughter," which, after the lapse of half a century, still keeps possession of the stage, was only accepted by the managers through the influence of Mrs. Jourdan, all the plays of the same author previously offered having been declined. Westland Marston, a dramatist whose "Anne Blake," "Strathmore," and "Marie de Merame" have placed his name on the roll with Bulwer, Knowles, Lovel, and Jerrold, owed the production of the "Patrician's Daughter" almost to an accident. Knowles, with difficulty, and only after a long time had elapsed, induced the managers to put "Virginius" upon the stage. "The Iron Chest," damned at Drury Lane, was applauded at Covent Garden, and has survived the harsh criticism of jokes versified that were showered upon it. One of these, which alludes to the complaint of the author, that the actor who represented his Sir Edward Mortimer had stupefied himself with opium, has been preserved—

"Colman declares, with opium filled
Great Kemble through his pa did bray;
But how the drug improves distilled
Is known to those who saw the play."

Bunn, in "The Stage Before and Behind the Curtain," speaks of the farce of "A Good-Looking Fellow." Liston had been requested to play the leading character, and thus replies to the application: "I have read the farce very attentively, and regret that I cannot concur with Messrs. Reynolds, Kenney and yourself as to its merits. My opinion is that it would be inevitably damned in less than a quarter of an hour, and, as I really lack the courage to risk being pelted off the stage, I must beg to decline the favor of Mr. Narcissus Briggs." Yet this farce was received with roars of laughter, and, although put upon the stage late in the season, was played for ninety-six nights.

Bulwer's first play, "The Duchess de la Valliere," was a failure, and the critics declared that it was not in his power "to attain the art of dramatic construction and theatrical effect." The "Lady of Lyons" followed. Its authorship was not suspected, nor did Bulwer acknowledge his offspring until it had become an established favorite with the public. The history of many works of acknowledged merit in other departments of literature exhibits the same struggles for recognition—the same want of appreciation of the publishers or the public. Thompson, before Cowper, had made an appeal, not merely to the love of novelty, but to the true taste of the public. No descriptive poem of any length had appeared for many years. Yet his "Winter"—the first of "The Seasons" published, and since issued in so many forms, and illustrated with such variety and richness of embellishment—Southey tells us, lay like waste paper, and was long in danger of being used as such.

Dr. Watts sold the copyright of his "Hymns and Spiritual Songs" to Laurence, the publisher, for £10, the same price that was paid to Douglas Jerrold for "Black-Eyed Susan." The "Spy," which was the earliest as well as one of the most vigorous of Cooper's novels, and which laid the foundation of his fame as a writer of fiction, was offered to and declined by Murray. The same publisher, in a civil letter to Washington Irving, declined the "Sketch-Book," but reluctantly changed his opinion upon the urgent representation of Sir Walter Scott, and purchased

the manuscript for £200. Such was the success of the publication, even before the issue of the second volume, that the delighted publisher requested the author to draw upon him for one hundred guineas beyond the amount agreed upon. "Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician," which originally appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine,"—the first number in 1830 and the last in 1837—maintained a place during that whole period among the most attractive articles, and afterwards, in a collected form, passed through a number of editions both in this country and Great Britain. They had been previously rejected by the conductors of three of the leading magazines of London "as unsuitable for their pages, and not likely to interest the public."

Melville's "Typee" was offered to Harper, who declined it. The book was published by another publishing house, and with such marked success that when "Omoo," the next work of Melville, was written, it was accepted by the Harpers without a line of it being read, and at the author's own price. "The Wide, Wide World" was submitted to Harper, Appleton, and other publishers, and declined, and was finally published by Putnam, and had a most remarkable sale. Leading publishing firms rejected Dr. Mason's "Haniel and Haydn's Collection," of which there cannot have been less than forty editions published. A writer in the "Round Table" mentions "Robinson Crusoe," one of the most popular works ever written, which was rejected by the whole trade of London, till at length it came into the hands of a publisher who was more noted for his speculative propensities than for his good judgment. He printed it, and cleared 100,000 guineas by the venture; and publishers are to this day making money continually by new editions of it in all styles. The list of such rejections embraces books of every description—those which had a fleeting interest and those which have proved of permanent value—and might be extended to any length. But we have already been too long drawn aside from the subject of our sketch.

Payne, with improved circumstances and cheerful spirits, once more returned to Paris, where he spent the spring of 1821. Here he met Washington Irving, who has left in his diary a pleasing picture of him at this period. Under date of April 21, he says: "Breakfasted this morning with John Howard Payne. He has the first floor of a small house, in a garden, No. 16 Petite Rue de St. Petre, Point aux Choux. The morning was fine, and the air was soft and spring-like. His casements were thrown open, and the breezes that blew in were extremely grateful. He has a couple of canary birds, with a little perch ornamented with moss. He stands it in the window, and they fly about the garden and return to him at night for food and rest." Such gleams of sunshine did not often visit his checkered path. Owing in part to the precarious nature of his pursuits, but mainly to a certain improvidence which had settled into a habit, Payne almost throughout the whole of his later life was harassed with debt. "The borrower is the servant of the lender," says the inspired volume, and Payne, too frequently for his own peace and reputation, suffered the misery of such servitude. One of the most serious consequences of his condition was that he could never wait for times and opportunity in his bargains with managers and publishers. Under the pressure of some im-

mediate want—the relief of which could not be postponed—he rushed into the market with his literary wares, and disposed of them at any sacrifice; his necessities having nothing to do with their intrinsic value, but very much with the value put upon them by purchasers. When two years later he visited England, he went under the assumed name of Haywood, to avoid arrest, being as usual entangled with his pecuniary perplexities.

It was at this time that he received from Washington Irving the manuscript of the play of "Charles the Second, or the Merry Monarch." The praise which Payne in one of his letters to Irving bestows upon it is well merited, but indicates that the share the latter had in its authorship could not have been a subordinate one. "I consider it," said Payne, "one of the best pieces of the kind I ever read. There is a never-diminishing vein of wit running through it, which, coming in aid of situations eminently dramatic, gives it a claim to rank with the best works in the language." While they were residing in Paris, Irving had agreed to assist Payne in his dramatic pursuits and divide the profits of their joint labor, with the understanding that his name and agency in these efforts should be kept concealed. It was in pursuance of this arrangement that Payne had gone to London, where he sold the copyright of "Charles the Second" for fifty guineas to the managers of Covent Garden theatre. The play met with success from the first night of its representation, and is still one of the most popular of stock pieces. It has been often acted in this country, but never so well as when many years ago it was revived at the old Park theatre, New York, with Charles Kemble as the king and his daughter Fanny Kemble in the part of May. The exact assistance Irving rendered to Payne in this play will now probably never be known, as, contrary to expectation, the life of the former by his nephew throws no light upon it. But in the preface prefixed to the earlier editions Payne referred to his obligations to a literary friend who had given to the play "most invaluable touches." Irving had aided him in reducing the play to two acts, and thus, besides infusing more vigor into the dialogue, rendered it more adapted for representation as an after-piece. He had, also, suggested some of the most telling points in it. For instance, one of them, the effort of Captain Copp to sing his only sea song, in which he is always interrupted—

"In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump,
With his broom swept the chops of the channel,
And his crew of big breeches,
Those Dutch sons of—"

was in admirable keeping with the character, and never failed to excite merriment. Irving had a quick eye for the humorous in situation as well as character. There is little doubt that, but for his success in fiction and narrative, he would have tried his hand at comedy. He wrote a play at a very early age, no fragment of which is left or could be recalled by him. Payne, in one of his letters to him, says: "Charles" (Kemble) "thinks you ought to write better comic pieces than any one he knows, judging from the story of the unknown gentleman whose other half only is seen."

Payne dedicated "Richelieu" to Irving, and the dedication affords a pleasing specimen of his prose style:

"MY DEAR IRVING—It is now twenty years since I first had the pleasure of knowing you, and it is not often that people are found better friends at the latter part of so

long an acquaintance than at the beginning. Such, however, has been the case with us. The admiration which I feel for you when I was a boy—as been succeeded by gratitude for a staid and intrepid kindness, now that I am no longer one. Although I have had better opportunities to know you than the world by whom you are valued so highly, I should not have ventured to make a public display of our acquaintance under any other circumstances than those by which it is drawn forth at present. I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindness between friends of long standing, which it is fitting I should acknowledge. In the little comedy of "Charles II," I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value. I only regret it is not in my power to make a more adequate return for the many encouragements, and amid discomfort, which you have so frequently and so spontaneously bestowed upon, my dear Irving.

"Your sincere and grateful friend,
"JOHN HOWARD PAYNE."

The biographer of Washington Irving leaves the impression upon the reader's mind that "Richelieu" was never acted in this country. It was, however, performed at Wood's theatre, Philadelphia, and with much applause—Mrs. Sloman acting the same part in it which she did in London.

In the year 1832, Payne returned to America, fondly hoping to reunite friendships long sundered, and to renew the associations of youth in the scenes where his youth had been passed. But Dr. Johnson has truly said that "No man considers how much alteration time has made in himself, and very few inquire what effect it has had upon others." Payne now discovered that the mere lapse of time, in the absence of any more active cause of estrangement, separates those who, as fellow travellers, began the journey of life. Of the companions of his youth, some were dead, and the survivors, for the most part, had little sympathy with his pursuits, now that they had become engrossed with their own. He breathed an atmosphere of activity and progress without a corresponding exhilaration of spirit. The steady, plodding application to business on the part of some whom he had left careless, rolicking youths, to whom a new novel or the last play was the chief concern, seemed to represent his own wandering and aimless life. Some considerate gentleman, who thought that something more than "mouth honor" was due to one who had contributed to the public stock of harmless pleasure, and who had returned to his country, after so long an absence, not richer than when he left it, made arrangements for a complimentary benefit. This took place at the Park Theatre on the 29th of November, and, very appropriately, the plays selected were "Brutus," "Clari," and "Catharine and Petruchio." All the prominent performers then in the city of New York volunteered their services—Cooper, Charles Kemble, J. R. Scott, Wallack, Forrest, Barrett, Placide, Richings, Miss F. Kemble, Mrs. Whentley, Mrs. Sharp, and Mrs. Hughes. The price of admission to the pit and boxes was raised to \$5, and the affair resulted in a substantial addition to his means.

During the administration of President Tyler he visited Washington. "The city of magnificent distances" has, even at this day, neither commerce nor manufactures; but there was then a freedom, a refinement in its social circles quite refreshing to a man like Payne. Despite his poverty his society was courted by all classes. He wore a spruce wig, and, his face being fair and unwrinkled, he appeared much younger than he really was. As thoughtless and light-hearted as a

boy, he mingled in society, and few met him without feeling that he was among the few men who carry into mature life the ingenuousness of youth. When the news reached Washington that Colt had been arrested for the murder of Adams, Payne astonished his companions by declaring that he must go to New York to see him, which he did, although he was obliged to borrow money for the purpose. Yet the acquaintance between these two men was only a casual one. Payne had been introduced to Colt at St. Louis, where the latter was engaged in teaching bookkeeping. When Payne was about leaving the city, Colt presented him with his walking cane, and, singularly enough, told him that he had better have his (Colt's) name erased from it, as in the event of his killing any one with it, he (Colt) might be brought into trouble.

In the month of September, 1842, President Tyler appointed Payne consul at Tunis, an appointment which, like that of Washington Irving as Minister to Spain, reflected credit upon his administration, and was hailed with pleasure by all classes and parties. The truth was that the administration of Mr. Tyler was long placed between two fires, having the confidence neither of the whigs nor the democrats, the two parties into which the country was divided. The President, finding he could gratify neither of them, sometimes gratified himself, and appointments were made less on political and more on personal grounds. The consulate at Tunis was below rather than above the claims of Payne. The fees received there are very inconsiderable, not more at the present day than \$50 or \$75 per annum, and it has always been a salaried office. An increase has been made in the salary, but it came too late to benefit Payne. Up to the passage of the act of Congress of March 1, 1855, "for remodeling the diplomatic and consular systems," it was \$2,000 per annum. That act raised it to \$2,500, and the act of the 16th of August, 1856, made it \$3,000, which it now is. The appointment of Payne originated in the friendly suggestion of F. W. Thomas, then a clerk in the treasury department, but a man of kindred genius, and himself a song-writer. His song beginning with the line

"Tis said that absence conquers love,"

is well known. The following is another song which he had the kindness to transcribe for the writer, and which we believe has never been published:

TO —.

I'll count the hours until we meet,
And think that when we meet
They hurried on, like couriers fleet,
But now they laggards be.

I'll count the hours of every day
That holds us thus apart,
And shun the light, that sheds no ray
On my overshadowed heart.

The hours of every night I'll count,
The heart-throb of my breast
Up to a fever pulse will mount
In counting my unrest.

But when we meet, that serious elf
Who does me thus ensnare,
Old Time may count his hours himself,
I'll neither count nor care.

Payne continued in office until the administration of Polk, when in July, 1845, he was removed. He complained bitterly, and not without reason, of his removal. He had never mingled in the strife of party, which was alien to his gentle nature. As one, too, who had contributed largely to our harmless pleasures, and as the author of the most popular song in our language, he ought

to have been exempted from the operation of that principle of rotation in office, which is salutary only when representing the triumphs of measures, but which has been carried to such an extreme as to have taken away one of the strongest incentives to good conduct in a public officer, and corrupted our politics by introducing a mercenary element into contests of opinion. Payne was re-appointed March, 1851, and served until April or May of the following year, when, on June 5th, he died, leaving some \$300 or \$400 of debt, and his personal effects were sold to pay it. Previous to his re-appointment in 1851, he resided for some time in Washington, and one who knew him well at that period has left the following record of their acquaintance: "He occupied the rooms under mine for some time, and his conversation was so captivating that I have often spent whole days in his apartment. He was an applicant for an office at the time—consulate at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to all the humiliation of office-seeking! Often, of an evening, we would walk along the streets, looking into the lighted parlors as we passed. Once in a while we would see some family circle, so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would both stop, and then pass silently on. On such occasions he would give me a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident to his sensitive nature and his poverty. 'How often,' he once said, 'have I been in the heart of Berlin, Paris, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organs playing, 'Sweet Home,' without a shilling to buy the next meal or a place to lay my head. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody; yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly from my office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread.' Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a foreign land—to be buried by strangers, and to sleep in obscurity."

Such were the feelings with which he again entered upon the duties of his consulate. The manner in which he discharged them was characteristic of the man. Older officers of the navy remember his hospitality during their cruises in the Mediterranean, and speak of the cordiality with which his time and influence was surrendered to their service. The flag of no other consul in Tunis floated so high or so conspicuously as the stars and stripes. His office was in one of the finest edifices, and under his direction had been tastefully fitted up, having marble banisters, floors, &c. It is led to a disagreeable misunderstanding with the Tunisian authorities, in which, however, Payne was sustained by his government. He had rented the building of the Bey, and had made the extensive improvements alluded to with the understanding that the charges were to be defrayed by the owner. This the Bey subsequently declined to do, and the poor creditors were turned over to Payne. The usual procrastination and correspondence ensued. After much time had elapsed the presence of a commission of the officers of a man-of-war, belonging to the fleet of Commodore Morgan, enabled the Bey to see what had been heretofore undistinguishable, and the claim was allowed. Payne exhibited uncommon energy in the discharge of his consular duties, laboring at all times for the honor of his country. Like another and a greater poet, Thomas Campbell, he died in a

foreign land, and was indebted for those attentions, so grateful to the sick, to the charity of strangers. Campbell died at Boulogne, in the Upper Town. His friendly physician and biographer, in fulfilment of a promise that he would come to him when seriously ill, had arrived from London. The dying poet turned upon him his half-glazed eyes, and exclaimed—"Visits of angels!" Here is an extract from his private journal, written at the time and noting particulars of the closing scene: "It was curious to observe a *Religieuse*—one of the Sisters of Charity—keeping a watch at the poet's bedside during the night, expressing a tender solicitude for his comfort, and performing the duties of an experienced nurse. But yet it was a sad proof of exile—sick and a stranger—to be thus watched." The last hours of Payne were soothed by the same self-denying, heaven-prompted ministrations. Four Sisters of Charity watched over him, night and day, for many successive weeks, and his patience under the sufferings of a protracted illness, and his submission to the Divine will, was inspired and kept alive by their example.

"There is a book,
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright,
There all thy deeds (*O, gentle Sisters!*) shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine."

Few travelers leave the city of Tunis without a visit to the Protestant cemetery, a small enclosure of some one hundred and fifty feet square, surrounded by a high stone wall. The place, now carefully tended, supplied with water from the aqueduct, and planted with trees and flowers, was, until a very recent period, an image of desolation, where you might muse over broken walls and wild grass overgrowing neglected monuments. Here Dutch, Swedish, British, and American consuls sleep side by side—among the latter, James Dodge, who died in 1305, and S. D. Heap, who died in 1858. The grave, however, for which inquiry is most frequently made, and over which the choicest and latest flowers are scattered, is covered by an oblong thick slab of white Italian marble, resting upon a solid structure of mason-work, built up a foot and a half from the ground. Upon this marble is sculptured the arms of the United States, and underneath is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF
COLONEL JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
Twice Consul of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,
For the Kingdom of Tunis.

This stone is here placed by a grateful country. He died at the American Consulate, in this city, after a tedious illness, April 1st, 1852. He was born at the city of Boston, State of Massachusetts, June 8, 1798.

It was formerly thought that a good voice and a correct ear, were God-given gifts, and things beyond the reach of art or cultivation; but this is an exploded idea, and the possessor of these, without the usual excruciating culture, must remain as he began, a third or fourth rate singer. He may sing his morning and evening hymn acceptably to himself, to his family, and his Maker; but he is the common plodder of life. He walks in a cool, dignified, and uninteresting manner about his business, or into his "tune," while a truly accomplished singer is a musical gymnast, who can stand on one foot or on all fours, in the most startling and entertaining manner, or turn scientific vocal somersaults and flip-flaps, "till you can't rest," to the infinite delight of thoroughly well-dressed audiences, who know every one of the operas by name.

(From the London Musical World.)

ERNST.

(January 14, 1840.)

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

Berlioz's prediction, that Ernst, like Paganini, would some day make the world talk about him, is beginning to be fulfilled. I have heard nearly all the great violin-players of modern times, from Lipinski down to Prume. Each had his devoted adherents. Some believed in Lipinski; there was something strikingly imposing in his style, and it was only necessary to hear one or two or three of his grand notes. Some, again, were enthusiastic for Vieuxtemps, the most genial of the recent artists, who has already reached so high a point, that it is difficult to speculate on his future career without some inward trepidation. Ole Bull was an enigma, and a melancholy one, too, impossible to solve—at any rate he had plenty of opponents. In the same way all the players—De Beriot, C. Müller, Molique, David, Prume—have each their special friends among the public, and their champions in the press. But Ernst, like Paganini, is so familiar with all schools, that he can penetrate the most opposite individualities; and is thus able to satisfy all parties, and make them his allies. In power of improvisation also, the most charming talent in a player, he approaches Paganini, which may in some degree be the consequence of his intimate early association with that master.

Ernst is a native of Brünn, from which place he came when very young to the Conservatorium at Vienna. He shortly after became acquainted with Paganini, and in 1830 made his first visit to the Rhine, when Paganini was also there. His extraordinary gift of execution, though obviously deriving a good deal from that artist, made at once a sensation. With all the audacity of youth, he gave his concerts at the very same places at which Paganini had just before been playing. I remember with delight some of these concerts, where, like an Apollo, he drew the train of the Heidelberg muses after him from the neighboring Rhine towns. At that time his name was well known. After this nothing was heard of him for a while; he had gone to Paris, where it takes time even to get a hearing. Incessant practice improved him; the Paganini element gradually vanished; and within the last year or two his name has again come up, and is now mentioned in Paris in company with the best. His old desire, once more to visit his native country, and exhibit his successful skill to his own town, lately returned upon him. After a journey in Holland last winter, where, in the course of a few months he gave from sixty to seventy concerts, and a short stay in Paris, he came straight to Germany. Like a true artist, he had faith in his art, and disdained to announce his coming. He appeared first in Hanover (engaged by Marschner), and then in Hamburg and the neighboring places. We have now heard him in Leipzig almost without being prepared for it. The room was not over full, but the audience might have been double its real number, so loud was the applause. The most splendid and brilliant display of the evening was the set of variations by Mayseder, which in a very charming manner he interspersed with some of his own, ending with a cadence such as one hears from Paganini only, when, with humorous audacity, he gives full play to all

the magic of his bow. The applause it provoked exceeded the usual measure of enthusiasm in North Germany, and had there been bouquets at hand, they would doubtless have been flung in showers. This is in store for him next time, even though, most modest and retiring of men as he is, he should desire to avoid it. We shall have one more opportunity of hearing him on Monday next. On that occasion, if he will only play his "Carnaval de Venise," we shall hope to say something more about him, believing that the great Italian magician, on leaving the world of art, confided to Ernst the mysteries of his method, for the study of the mature artist, the emulation of the student, and the delight of all.

(From the Morning Post.)

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS.

It is strange that Madame Arabella Goddard never thought before of giving performances of Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words*, and having once done so, it will be still more strange if she does not repeat them. There are many great pianists—in fact, among the few deserving to be so considered there are scarcely any exceptions to this rule—who think it beneath them to execute music that does not present apparently insurmountable difficulties. Yet among the *Songs without Words* there are some that might puzzle the most dexterous players, while there is not one which does not demand an amount of poetical expression such as the most accomplished *virtuosi* of the fantasia school might be unable to give. Madame Arabella Goddard has two distinct sets of admirers—those of the high or classical school, and those of the low or fantasia school; to whom may be added those of a broad eclectic school, who listen with equal admiration, but with different degrees or kinds of pleasure, to her performance of Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 106, and of Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home." The players of fantasia music have very often their own good reasons for not attempting the classical; but the players of classical music do quite right, for the sake of freedom, facility, and the numerous advantages that are derived by artists of all kinds from an occasional change of style, in exercising their hands and fingers now and then upon productions which though of no intrinsic value perhaps themselves, make the most exacting demands upon the lightness, brilliancy, and what singers call "agility," of those who undertake to execute them. Between the best fantasias of the professed fantasia writers, and strictly classical pieces, there are the pianoforte works of Schubert, and the ordinary pianoforte compositions of Chopin, and that minor Chopin, Heller. But Mendelssohn's *Songs without Words* cannot be classed with any of the works or categories of works that we have spoken of. They are as free in regard to form, as the most romantic effusions of the most romantic modern lyric poet; and the very smallest of them is as classical; in the true sense of the word, as the "Break, break, break," of Tennyson.

How is really poetical pianoforte playing, or even its effect upon the hearer, to be described? To be appreciated it must be felt. To say that Madame Arabella Goddard entered fully into the spirit of each song, and gave to each its appropriate expression, is to say what every reader who has had any ex-